



Eight Mimes



👁 101 ✓ 9 ★ 14

Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

"Yes, Mr. Sovanich, I'll grab that dry cleaning on the way over. See you soon." Sharon disconnected. "Great," she muttered to herself, "one more thing on a day like this." She'd passed the dry cleaner ten minutes ago, and would have to circle back. Snow flurries had been on and off all morning, and the roads were verging on ridiculous.

As she began looking for a spot to pull a U-turn, she took a moment to acknowledge the frozen beauty of a small lake bridged by the narrow causeway she now crossed. Turning her eyes back to the road, her eyes opened wide. She shrieked in dismay as the fishtailing rear section of an oncoming sixteen-wheeler, skidding around in the snow, swung its way into her lane.

Jerking the steering wheel instinctively to avoid it, she loosed a stream of profanity as her vehicle skidded too far. She struggled to correct the skid, but there was too much momentum. Her rear end skidded around as she attempted to break, slammed through the barrier, and teetered on the edge. Sharon barely dared to breathe as she listened to her poor little coupe groan and settle. Another inch or two, a shifting of weight, a stiff breeze might have sent her plunging into the ice below.

Craning her neck carefully, she cursed again as she watched the truck speeding blithely away. Had the driver really not seen what happened? Unbelievable.

Just as she began to despair, or perhaps try something desperate, she glanced forward and saw a small band of figures walking together towards her. They had just come around a corner, and seemed to spot her predicament at about the same time as she saw them. She counted eight of

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faces painted up in traditional mime fashion. The first mime ran as fast as he could in the snow, and it seemed likely that he would reach her soon, when suddenly he ran into an invisible wall and was knocked out cold.

The seven remaining figures jumped in collective startlement, turned to one another again, and soon sent another of their number dashing to the rescue.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



The second mime was hamming it up a bit more. He was puffing out his chest and breathing heavily as if overweight. He was only about 3 metres or so from Sharon's car when suddenly his movement slowed and he was simply running in place. His face registered confusion, and he looked around him as he ran in place, as if stuck on a treadmill.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Suddenly, just as Sharon feared, a gust of wind blew and she felt her car draw towards the precipice, hang, and then slip forward as the weight gave way and she was falling--

"--Sharon?"

Sharon blinked and brought herself back to the moment. Had she dozed off?

"Yes, Mr. Sovanich?"

"Can you drop by the dry cleaner's over on Cleaver Street? They have a suit I need to wear this afternoon. If you can grab it on your way in, I'd be really grateful."

"Yes, Mr. Sovanich," Sharon paused, sensing something like déjà vu. "I'll... grab that dry cleaning on the way over."

"See you soon, Sharon."

"See you soon."

Sharon blinked, shook her head. What was this? Some dream... some fog of memory was dissipating...

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"I'll have to leave now," she thought to herself as she rose and snatched her car keys from the sidetable.

The snow was beginning to fall heavier now outside, and Sharon shivered just imagining the twenty minute drive in her old Mazda 323 with less-than-functional heating.

Just, then she heard a knock at the door.

Chapter 4 by [StarDust](#)



She opened the door to a man dressed all in black. His face was all white except for a set of perfect black wings dangling of the end of his eyes. The stranger seemed strangely familiar to Sharon, but she couldn't grasp were she had seen him. He looked straight in to her eyes, she blinked and out of the corner of her eyes she could see Mr. Sovanich lean forward in his chair. The man held up a sheet of paper neat black marker was sprawled across the surface it read; "Don't Go"
Sharon Shivered.

Chapter 5 by [Shasta](#)



She shut her door, and locked it, for safety measures. She inserted her key into the ignition, revved the engine a couple of times, and then slowly crept into traffic.

If she didn't go, she would be fired. Sharon needed this job desperately. Not many places would take a high school drop-out with a 2-year-old child.

She shivered again, and not because of the dampness creeping inside her vehicle. She turned on the heat and fidgeted with the radio until a news station came on.

Icy roads are anticipated, and further inclement weather is expected.

She sighed. In Canada, that was all that was on the news.

In the back of her mind, the message was prominently whispering. Sharon was scared. Was the note a premonition? A prediction?

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She slowed her breath, and

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She would take the backroads, the roads only truckers used. Not the highways.

She turned on her blinker to pull off onto the backroad, feeling like she had dodged a bullet.

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